THE

Experienced Christian's Magazine.

For FEBRUARY, 1806.

PORTRAIT OF THE REV. JOHN TUNNEL.

MR. TUNNEL was from the state of Virginia: he was a subject of grace in early life: frequent calls he had from the Lord, to forsake the path of vice, but his attachment to company, made him put it off from time to time: He reasoned the loss of friends, the singular life he must lead, with the opposition from the world, and the few he should have to associate with, till he thought of putting off religious impressions, for a more favourable time of life; when his pleasures might loose their flavour. He heard preaching from time to time, till conviction was deepened, all reasoning was conquered, and he constrained to cry out, "Save me now Lord, or I quick go down to the pit." Wicked company became tiresome, his soul was oppressed, and his cry was, "Lord ease me." He found comfort to his soul, and the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sin. He then wished for a trumpet's voice, to tell the whole world of Jesus' love—such zeal the spirit of God wrought in him. His full soul did run over, and he found fruit of his labours, weak as he thought them, first in his own neighbourhood, and then in almost all the Southern states. He dispensed the gospel, the law of the Lord made him wise, and did win souls. No temptation could separate him from the interest of her who

did conceive him. He went to St. Christophers, in the West-Indies, and even there the inhabitants were very fond of him, and would have settled a living on him; on which he wrote to his old friend, and father in the gospel, letting him know that he was tempted by money to leave his brethren on the Continent, but he hoped to be able, through grace, to resist, and to soon shew them, that private interest should never divide him from that cause so dear to him.

He returned to the Continent, and visited the city and state of New-York, for which some alive are still glad. He preached at Abington, Maryland, to about fifty preachers, and to a large congregation, in the year 1787, on, "Woe to the idle Shepherd, that leaveth the flock! the sword shall be upon his right arm and upon his right eye, his arm shall be clean dried up." &c. Zech. ii. 17.

Oh that the sermon had been wrote in books, and every minister and preacher in this day had one, and would read it once a quarter of a year: then would going away be less known, and veterans would initate young men able and willing to teach.

Tunnel was a man of great meekness, as well as zeal: his words, his actions, all bespoke it. He divided his little with the poor, small as it was. He was cheerful and content: in hardships, wants, and trials, he complained not. He possessed that charity which hopeth all things, endureth all things; as seeing him who is invisible. He bore always the mark of a good man, and a great man; what he said he always meant; all duplicity he scorned. If he knew a man once, he always knew him, except he deeply disgraced his dignity or profession. His moderation was known to all who knew him. His solemnity was as if every day was his last. His conversation was such as becomes the gospel of Christ. He was thirteen years engaged in the work of the ministry, and an indefatigable labourer. He departed this life at the Sweet Springs, in Virginia, with the consumption, after suffering long and patiently the will of God. Having done the work well he was called too, he fell asleep in sweet peace of soul. Let the memory of the righteous never perish.

THE EXPERIENCE OF WILLIAM MILLER, OF WEST-CHESTER COUNTY, NEAR WHITE-PLAIN COURT-HOUSE.

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ONE time I accidentally cut my finger, and I thought that the blood boiled with sin as it came out. The great weakness of my body made me sometimes stagger as I walked; then thought I, I have staggered so much nearer hell. I was weary of life; I wished for death; I was ready to offer all the world for a little ease; but instantly the same appeared to me as a mere shadow; and vexation, wave upon wave, so rolled upon my miserable soul, that I seemed as if I would have torn all the hair from my head: I concluded that I was as full of devils as ever Mary Magdalene was.

I took no thought for the morrow, but let the morrow take thought for the things of itself: I neglected my family, but the Lord in mercy provided for them. I could not set myself at work, for as I had no rest, neither had I any stability of mind. My friends would sometimes drive me to work, but little did they know the labour of my soul: and when compelled, as it were, to work, I took little heed to the manner of it: for instance, when ploughing my corn, I carelessly ploughed much of it up by the roots, and greatly injured the crop; yet he, who miraculously fed the five thousand, blessed my family with bread enough, and to spare.

I had no judgment to guide me in taking my necessary food; for sometimes I took too much, at other times not half enough. I again seemed to loose all fear of God and of the future judgment, but was recovered to that by a sharp flash of lightning and heavy clap of thunder, that struck a tree within two rods of me: after this every flash of lightning, and thunder clap, kept up the alarm of my guilty soul. I soon began to read my bible, but open it where I would, every page seemed heavy with the sentence of my doom.

One day as I was walking the road, a sense of wrath

so terribly seized me, that I thought I felt the pains of hell in earnest; yea, I really thought I smelt burning brimstone: but when I recovered the order of my mind a little, and found that it was not a reality, I felt some small degree of gratitude to God, for his mercy and long suffering toward me.

But satan, my arch enemy, still pursued me, and suggested, that though I was not yet in hell, I soon should be there.

One day as I was walking in the woods, as I oft times did, loaded with the burden of my guilt, pursued by satan, and racked with misery, the merciful fountain of all good, challenged me to venture on Christ, by a most unparalelled display of the freeness and fulness of a Saviour's blood, for a full and universal pardon. The very leaves of the bushes, the theatre where this astonishing manifestation of grace was exhibited, with all around me, appeared to be sprinkled with the blood of a Saviour! Yet, O astonishing unbelief! I did not then accept the golden moment!—held my chains, and fed on my misery still.

I afterwards tried the presence of company for relief; but all in vain—I called upon sleep for ease, but found it not—when coming down from my chamber, I would feel with my feet for the last step, apprehensive of stepping into hell: I felt indeed that weight of scripture, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

I lost all relish for preaching of any kind, and the Methodists I concluded were surely wrong; yet through compulsion of a loving friend and kinsman, named Abraham Miller, I was brought to hear the Rev. R. Bonsall. I was very uneasy at my situation before the exercise began, but more particularly under preaching: His text was, "Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven," &c. I thought by his preaching, that he knew my case. I was greatly agitated, but found no immediate relief.

At last I was blest with some tender feelings, which was like "cold waters to a thirsty soul:" It broke the bands of sad despair, kindled a ray of hope in my soul, which was sweeter than life itself, and gave me new courage to seek the salvation of my soul. I now began to realize a little the feelings of Nebuchadnezzar, on his recovery from seven years derangement. I seemed as if I had, like him,

been driven from among men; yet I felt willing to be fed with oxen all the days of my life, if I might at last gain the kingdom of heaven; and I at once determined to flee from the wrath to come; and I began to fix on times for prayer, but surprising truth! when the time came, again and again, I was not ready:

The present day th' attempt is vain,
We've something else to do:
But when to-morrow comes, 'tis plain
That will be present too.

And this neglect had well nigh thrown me into my former disorder of mind. I again grew weary of life; and as I was one day kindling a fire, I thought it a symbol of the flames that would e're long punish my guilty soul: thus did I wade through rough waters.

At length the Lord in infinite mercy gave me another pitying ray of divine compassion, and lifted up my sinking head, and I began in earnest to call upon his dear name, through a Saviour, for pardon; from which time, I began to take up my cross daily, and look for the new birth. But how deceitfully hard was my heart! how crafty my old enemy! I sought, but missed the mark—I looked for my Saviour in a way of my own contriving—"I sought him, but I found him not."

I work and own the labour vain,
Till I from self shall cease:
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God creates my peace.

When the Lord had thus sufficiently humbled my soul, and every false foundation had failed me, while in my own house, about ten o'clock in the morning, and in the solemn exercise of meditation and prayer, looking for mercy through a bleeding Saviour, the power of the Lord broke in upon my soul—I was set at liberty—my distress was gone. How poor are words to express my joy!—my sins forgiven—my God reconciled—my soul as happy as it had been before miserable. I did not expect that the Lord would appear to me in this manner; every thing seemed

to change its aspect; the face of the whole creation seemed new: I could now with great propriety adopt the language of the poet:

Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They shew the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

It seemed as if the Lord smiled, not only on the whole human race, but also on the fields and woods; and every creature seemed near to me. I had sweet communion with God, and his Spirit bore witness with my spirit, that I was a child of God; and he, through the mediation of the blessed Redeemer, was in favour with me. My life was happy—I neither wanted to live nor to die—I had no will but the will of the Lord—I could talk with delight of God, of Christ, and of what he had done for my soul—my body seemed as light as if I hardly touched the ground as I walked.

I felt such union with the People of God, that no pains was too much to obtain their company. I had such a love for the Bible, that I was never weary of reading it; for indeed it was a new book to me: I had read it before, but as a dry piece of distant particulars; but now, all its lines dropt fatness into my heart. All the visible workmanship of God, declared, in my view, the praise of their great author; and now the feathered songsters of the grove, who before seemed to commiserate my distress, appear to rejoice with me. Neither did I envy the toads and snakes, nor any other creature their happiness, but was carried above all transitory things, and could humbly say

I rode on the sky,
Freely justify'd I,
Nor envy'd Elijah his seat,
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world it was under my feet.

I claimed relation with the whole creation, as springing from one common Father. Thus did the Lord lead me in

a way that I had not known; and blessed be his name, I could now say, his ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths peace. I enjoyed more satisfaction in one day, than I ever did in all my life before; and as all who knew me, both saint and sinner, could before bear witness that I was a child of wrath, so now does the Spirit of God bear witness with my spirit, that I am a child of God: I now see great propriety in the poet's saying

To own a God that does not speak to man,
Is first to own and then disown again:
Of all idolatry the total sum
Is, having gods that are both deaf and dumb.

So have I experienced, what I suppose to be the new creation, as above related: old things are done away, and all things are become new. In former days, when I retired into the woods in secret places, I had the company and aid of devils, to help me work out my damnation with greediness; but now, in the same retirements, I have guardian angels and the Spirit of God, to assist me to work out my salvation with humble filial fear: Before, the blindness and enmity of my mind against God, was such, that I could not see the sinfulness of sin, nor the beauty of holiness; but now, how great the change! As likewise in my feelings toward my family, my neighbours, christians, and hardened sinners; my heart was hard towards my family; my neighbours I undervalued; christians I partly slighted, and partly envied; their company was disagreeable to me, their presence was a restraint on me; I had to watch my words and actions before them, lest I should get reproved; for indeed I approved of their godliness, though I did not care to practise it. But now feel tender-hearted towards my family; loving and forbearing towards my neighbours: I have a friendly unity with, and delight in christians; and how does my heart cleave to the ministers of God, especially those who were instrumental in his hand in bringing me out of darkness, into the light and liberty of the gospel; and towards hardened sinners, my heart has an aching, pitiful feeling, and my prayer is that they may be saved. My dear reader, what power besides the grace of God, could produce such a change in the heart

of a man that was so desperately wicked? Now can I say with the poet,

Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation may see:
He hath lov'd me I cry'd,
He hath suffer'd and dy'd
To redeem such a rebel as me.

Thus have I given an account of the manner in which God wrought a change in my heart: And now dear reader, has a similar work been wrought in thine? hast thou experienced forgiveness of sins, and the witness of it by the Spirit of God? hast thou come through great tribulation into the glorious liberty of the children of God? and art thou groaning after full redemption in the blood of Christ? and exercising all thy faculties in pursuit of all the mind that is in him? Art thou denying thyself of all ungodliness and wordly lusts, living soberly, righteously and godly in this present evil world, &c. ?——If this is your happy state, I bid you God speed; persevere and you are sure of success: but if you are yet in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity, and of course in the broad way to hell, stop suddenly, I entreat you, and consider your ways and your danger, lest you heedlessly or daringly provoke God to cut you off quickly in your sins, and send you immediately to eternal destruction: for God is about to "bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil:" therefore, O reader, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

In the year 1788, the Indians were troublesome on the frontiers of Virginia. Captain William Clendening had charge of a company of riflemen, to guard the county of Greentrier, they being stationed without the settlement. Some of the Indians passed the guard undiscovered by them, and the savages were not apprised of the guard be-

ing so stationed. They came near the cabbin of a certain poor honest man, and watched the house for some time, till they thought they might safely attack it, and one morning, before day, they ventured so close to the house, that they heard the sound of their feet in a little yard they had fenced in; the man said it was the cows had broke the fence down, rose up, and as his custom was, took his rifle in his hand; no sooner had he cleared the door, than the report of a gun was heard: the wife called to her son, about twelve years of age, to see if he had not hurt himself. The Indian had shot his father, got the boy from the house, run him down, and caught him. One Indian stayed to sculp the poor man; the wife had presence of mind, and pushed down a bee hive, through a hole in the house, which alarmed the Indians, so that they made off with the boy as fast as they could. One of the company was a white man, in disguise; he told the boy he would soon be back, and that he had a father alive, and that he would never rest till he had murdered him. On their way to their own woods, they fell in with the guards' horses, feeding in the wilderness with bells on: they took them on two days journey, still exploring the woods as they went, unsuspicious of harm. The second or third night after they got the horses, none of them came to camp with the boy but the wicked white Indian, who talked of it to the lad with some surprise, but cheered himself, and accounted for their not coming, by saying, they had met with something which had detained them till dark, so that they could not find the place. Meanwhile, Captain Glendening, with twelve riflemen, lay close to the camp, waiting for the dawn to see to point the rifle, and if any more should come; but when light was so that they could see the sight of the rifle, six aimed at the man, and six at the boy. They were so near that the savage-grown-man heard them cock, and cried out, don't shoot, I am a white man. But they quick drew the trigger, and quick he fell; and no wonder, for as many as aimed at him, hit him. Six aimed at the boy, five fired clear and all missed him. One flashing, the poor boy cried out, don't shoot me, I am a prisoner. The rifleman who flashed again his piece, fell to priming, sure he would soon prison him in death. The Captain called to the boy and said, if you are a pri-

soner, run to me: he flew to the arms of Capt. G. and the armed rifleman sent his deadly lead, he missed the child, who reached his protector, and to their great surprise, they found him a neighbour's son! he related all, and they took him home to his distressed mother. Salvation belongeth to God. O what a fine bulwark and strong wall is the Salvation of God.

AN EXTRACT FROM AMBROSE'S SELF-EXAMINATION.

Of the manner of trying or examining our special sins.

THAT we may try or examine our special sins, our Delilah sins, observe we these rules:

1. Endeavour we to find out this sin; and in our scrutiny we may discover it by these marks:

1. That is the Delilah, which thy own conscience and the finger of God in the ministry many times meets with, and chiefly checks thee for.

2. That which thou art lothest to leave, hast least power to resist, and which most hinders the resignation and submission of thy soul and body to the word and will of God.

3. That which God often corrects in thee, even in the interpretation and guilty acknowledgment of thy self-accusing heart; and if ever the sword of the Spirit shall cleave it from thy bosom (which is infinitely to be desired) it will cost the bitterest tears, and deepest groans.

4. Thoughts, plots, and projects about it (a thousand to one) ordinarily seize upon thy heart at the very first waking, if they have not broken thy sleep, and troubled thee in thy dreams.

2. The sin once found out, do we pursue it, and make we a solemn confession to God of it; mourn we under it, and desire we help from God for his mortifying grace.

3. Settle we in ourselves a purpose of heart, to forbear

it for time to come: In undertaking of which purpose, it will be expedient to set ourselves some short space of time, as for a day or a month, &c. and when the prefixed time is come, we should then question ourselves, how well we have performed? or how, or wherein we have failed? and then begin a new purpose.

4. Be we ever jealous of ourselves, and of our infirmity and proneness to this sin. Now we have two grounds of this jealousy:

1. Lest we be deceived about it.
2. Lest we be overtaken with it.

1. We may be deceived, in supposing that we are utterly divorced, and quite delivered from this bosom-sin, when it is nothing so; as thus:—

1. We may change only in the outward form, and not in truth: For instance, whereas the same sin of covetousness doth utter and express itself by usury, symony, sacrilege, bribery, grinding the faces of the poor, detaining ill-gotten goods, without restitution; we may perhaps insensibly glide out of one gulf of griping cruelty into another, or it may be from one of these more notorious, to some other less observed, and less odious in the world, and yet still abide in the chambers of death, and under the tyranny of this reigning sin.

2. We may surcease, and refrain from the outward gross acts of such hateful villainies, and yet our inwards be still defiled with insatiable, sensual hankerings after them: For instance, whereas the foul sin of uncleanness doth actuate itself by fornication, adultery, self-pollution, immoderate abuse of the marriage-bed, speculative wantonness, we may perhaps forbear the external acts of uncleanness, and yet lie and languish in the delightful revolvings of them in our mind, in adulteries of thought.

3. We may change the kind of our bosom-sin, in respect of the matter, form, object, every way; and yet upon the matter itself, it is but the exchange of one foul fiend for another: For instance, wantonness may be our sweet sin in youth, and worldliness in old age; hypocrisy may reign at one time, apostacy at another; furious zeal for one while, profane irreligiousness for another.

4. We may for a time pull our necks out of this strong

yoke of satan (out of a melancholic pang of slavish terror, serious fore-thought of death, lying everlastingly in hell) but because it is not the work of the word, humbling us soundly under God's mighty hand, planting faith, and infusing mortifying power, anon will this unclean spirit return, and rule in us again far more imperiously than before—I know it is not impossible, but that a man after his conversion, by the sudden suprisal of some violent temptation, and cunning train of satan, may be hailed back to commit his sweet sin again (though it be an heavy case, and to be lamented, if it were possible, with tears of blood) yet he never doth nor never can return to wallow in it till faith is quite gone: Here is the difference, The temporary man, after his formal enforced forbearance, engulphs himself again with more greediness, into the sensuality and pleasure of his bosom-sin, he lies in it, and delights in it, and hardens himself more obstinately in it: but the heart of the convinced backslider bleeds afresh with extraordinary bitterness, and he cries more mightily to God, for the return of his pleased countenance, and he prays, and fortifies the breach with stronger resolution, and more invincible watchfulness against future assaults; observe then, if our change be but formal, outward, mistaken, temporary, we are utterly deceived, and therefore we had need to be jealous of ourselves.

2. We may be overtaken with this sin, before we be aware; our nature is very apt to take fire, our corrupt heart is like tinder or gunpowder: this sin is called *Peccatum in deliciis, our darling pleasure, our minion delight;* it is ever ready at every turn to allure us, tempt us, persuade us; and the soul by a secret sensual inclination, is apt to follow it, to feed upon it, with much affectionate sweetness: It may be we have sometimes given it a death-wound, by the power of his might, who is our *all in all*, and yet as it is said of the first beast, this *deadly wound is ready to be healed again:* it is an *Hydra* with many heads, and if we be not still hacking and hewing, it will revive and collect strength, and at last rage more than before; and therefore what need have we of this holy jealousy?

5. Above all, without which all the rest are nothing, beleive we the promises of pardon, and of sanctification; The promises of the first sort I spoke to in our watchful-

ness over this sin, and therefore now I shall speak of the latter. The Lord hath *promised to deliver us from all our enemies, that we may serve him in righteousness and holiness all the days of our life;* The Lord hath *promised to write his Law in our hearts*, and that can never be, except he obliterate all the old writing; Now then, believe these promises, and press the Lord with them, or we shall never be able to out-wrestle our lusts: what though we find out our sweet sins, confess them, resolve against them, be jealous over them? unless we go to God and Christ in the Promises for strength, we shall *lie down in sorrow.* Could we of ourselves subdue our corruptions, God would not take this upon him, to give us new hearts, and new spirits, to sanctify us, to make us new creatures, to crucify the flesh, to weaken the dominion of sin. Alas, he knows our weakness, and he knows all is in his own power; and therefore if we would mortify these lusts, we must go to him, and beseech him to do it. When a man is once in Christ, he lives by a principle without himself: *I live by the faith of the Son of God*, said Paul, *who loved me, and gave himself for me:* If we ask, why will the Lord have our strength out of ourselves? why may not a man have sufficient habitual strength in himself, by which he may be able to out-wrestle lusts, and overcome temptations? The reason is, *Because no flesh shall rejoice in itself*, and therefore *Christ is made Sanctification unto us:* O let us believe these promises, and have continual dependance on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Of the manner of trying or examining our Hearts.

THAT we may rightly try or examine our hearts, observe we these rules.

1. Use we retiredness when we fall on this work. To this purpose, saith the Psalmist, *Commune with your own hearts on your beds, and be still.* When we get alone purposely to study our hearts, our hearts will then come to us, they will be more apt to discourse with us privately, than in a crowd; and therefore set we some time apart out

of our public or particular occasions, to deal with our hearts, as David, *who after the public business was done, turned home to visit, and to bless his own house.*

2. Try what thoughts are within, and which way runs the stream of our thonghts. The heart is an house of common resort, into which multitudes of thoughts, like so many guests, enter and have free and open access; only if it be sanctified, it ordinarily distils holy, sweet and useful meditations of all objects. As the bee sucks honey out of every flower, and a good stomach sucks sweet and wholesome nourishment out of what it takes to itself, so doth a holy heart (so far as sanctified) convert and digest all into spiritual and useful thoughts. But on the contrary, if it be wicked, then a world of vain, light, wanton, profane and dissolute thoughts lodge there, and defile those rooms they lodge in: which made the Lord say to Jerusalem, *O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved. How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?*

3. If upon trial we find a loathness to entertain holy thoughts, and unsteadiness in them, a misplacing of them, (which disorder is a vanity and sin, be the thought materially never so good) or if we find in us many times a taking *thought to fulfil the lusts of the flesh*, a representing or acting over sin in our thoughts (O how much of that precious sand of our thoughts runs out this way!) then let us humble ourselves for them; and thus Agur teacheth, *If thou hast done foolishly in lifting up thyself, or if thou hast thought evil, lay thine hand upon thy mouth;* (i. e.) be humbled, be ashamed of these thoughts.

4. After humiliation, we must proceed to judgment: And to that end consider, what will will be the subject of that great inquest at the last day? The apostle answers, *The counsels of the heart*: And who will be the executioner? even *Thoughts accusing*: O then let us prevent this doom, and this execution, by our own judgment and self-condemnation; let us sentence our hearts, and whip out our evil thoughts, and give them their pass.

5. Let us watch over, and observe our hearts ever after. Thoughts will be crowding in, when we have done all we can, yet let them know that they pass not unseen. Where strict watch and ward is kept, where magistrates, and

marshals, and constables are diligent to examine vagrant persons, you shall have few of them there. The reason that such swarms of vagrant thoughts make their rendevouz, and pass in our hearts, is, because there is no strict watch kept, we observe not our hearts *with all diligence.*

6. Set our thoughts in order every morning, strengthen and perfume our spirits with some gracious meditations on God's holiness, majesty, omnipresence, omniscience: *My soul waiteth for the Lord*, saith David, *more than they that watch for the morning.* Observe it, if you please, when we first open our eyes, there stand many suitors attending on us to speak with our thoughts, even as clients at lawyers doors; but speak we first with our God, and he will say something to our hearts, and settle them for all the day after. *(To be continued.)*

ANECDOTE.

A MAN in the contest for liberty, in the first of the American war, was taken from home, and left a wife and one child. He was not heard of throughout the war. His wife hoped that after peace, he would come home, if alive; therefore all temptations to marriage she rejected, though she had many. After eight years had gone by, and all hopes of her dear husband's return lost, she consented to give her hand in a second marriage. The guests were bidden, the ceremony past, and supper preparing. Her little daughter happened to go in the kitchen, and there was a poor stranger sitting among the servants. She ey'd him, and thought she saw some of the traits of her father in his countenance. She stepped in and privately told her mother.———The bride immediately left the company, to take a look at the stranger, but little of the features of her former husband, could she see in his war-worn face. She asked him if he ever was in that neighbourhood before? he told her he thought he had been. She asked him if he was ever in that house before? he said he thought he had been. She desired him to tell her plainly what his name was? he told her, and she found it was the husband of her youth. She led him in to the company, and told them "here is my long lost husband;" and after she had given sufficient vent to her joyous grief, she told the bridegroom, he and she was as they were the day they were born, and no harm done through the mistaken marriage!

Addressed to those who Sleep during Divine Service.

YE who frequent God's sacred house,
To join in praise and prayer,
Let your demeanour be discreet,
Nor dare to trifle there.

There—while the speaker lifts his voice,
Can you supinely nod?
Why will you grieve your serious friends,
And why offend your God?

That wakeful eye which never sleeps,
Your indolence surveys,
And marks—with indignation marks,
Your disrespectful praise.

If nature wants the balm of rest,
Have you no couch at home?
Why will you, with your impious sloth,
Pollute the hallow'd dome?

What would the scoffing atheist say,
Should he your conduct view?
Doubtless he'd triumph at the sight,
And think his system true.

While at a play, where brilliant scenes
Attract the curious taste,
Soft slumber never seals your eyes,
Nor you one moment waste.

What, can the mimick sons of mirth,
Your fix'd attention gain?
And shall the messengers of grace
Solicit it in vain?

Yes—oft ye slight eternal things,
For joys beneath your care;
Neglect your never-dying souls,
For trifles light as air.

Ye sons of sloth, awake! and watch,
Nor slumber on your guard!
Lest when the heavenly bridegroom comes,
He finds you unprepar'd!